THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. XI AUGUST, 1924 NO. 8

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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Dr. Thomas E. Green of the National Headquarters, Washington D. C., will be the chief speaker at the conference. Dr. Green will speak at the regular service in the Tabernacle Sunday, August 31st and it is desired that all chapter delegates plan to hear Dr. Green at that time.

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Her Things

By Claire Stewart Boyer

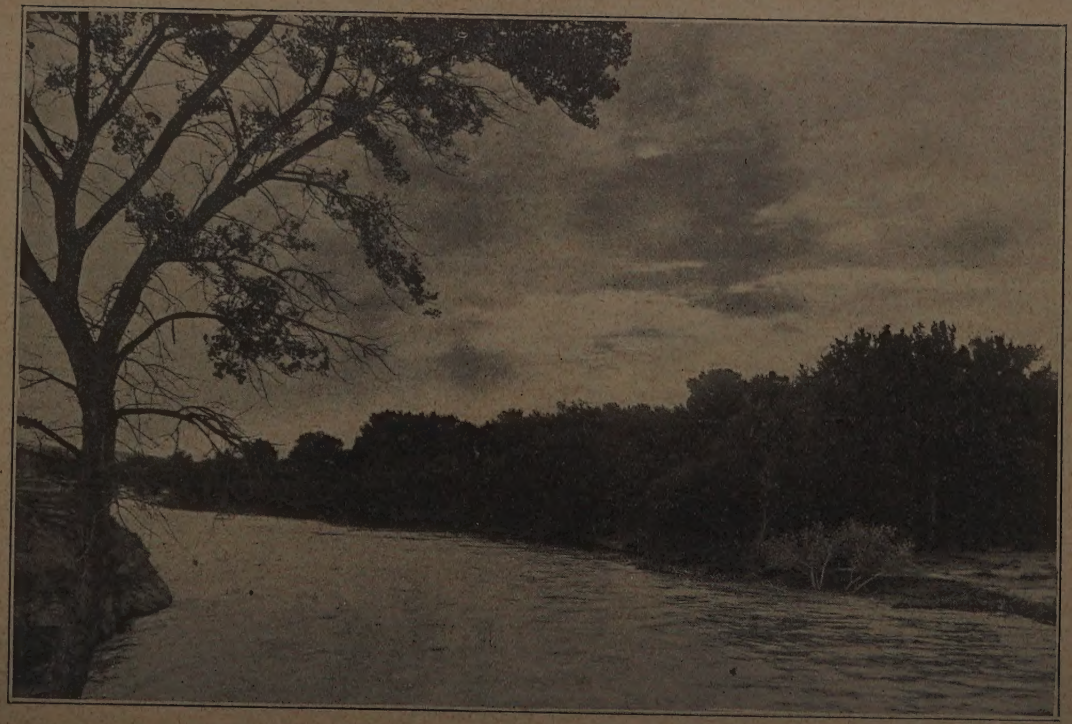
For three long years she counted out her "things:"
The frail wax lilies in the crisp glass case,
These were to go to Edgar.
In his childhood he had loved to gather buds
And leaves and flowers, first of all the Spring;
So he must have her choicest offering,
And when she lay
Beneath the rounded earth,
Her lilies could bespeak her soul to him.

There was the old brass kettle:
It had come across the plains with handcarts,
It had held the precious drops
To save the lives of thirsting pioneers;
And lusterless and dented it could be
A symbol of her faithful servitude
To those she loved.
And one she knew would touch it lovingly,
Perhaps would fill it full of golden glow
And stand before it thinking of the heart
That left it;
So to Celia went the long loved thing of Brass.

Next was her box, her Chinese teawood box,
Filled with odd jewelry:
With earrings old and tarnished, hung with amethysts;
A queer mosaic brooch and two old rings,
Her finery.
Now Sylvia, possessed of many dreams,
Would play with these gay remnants of the past
And make herself a rival of young queens,
And as she put them in the tiny drawers,
Her tears would fall in reverent memory
Of her who wore them last.

And so from day to day she put her things;
This in the trunk for Edgar, with his father's books,
That in the box for Celia with the paisley shawl,
And such gay trinkets as her feather fan
Went into the chest for blithesome Sylvia.
She passed, her smile serene, her heart content;
For she had bound her life she thought to theirs—
Her things had been the links unbreakable.

Three long years went;
And one grey day
A junk man who was known to all,
Picked from the ashes in a broken tub
An old brass bucket,
A demolished case of white wax lilies, and a box
And filled with tiny drawers of jewelry.
He blew the dust from off the lilies fair
And thought he saw a soul within them stir;
He stroked the old brass bucket lovingly,
And when he pulled the tiny jewel drawers
And looked within,
His eyes shone bright,
As if some queen had passed
And smiled at him.



CREEK RIVER

THE

Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XI AUGUST, 1924 No. 8

Olivia Pratt Driggs

Olivia Pratt Driggs, oldest daughter of Parley P. Pratt, was born in the city of Manchester, England, June 1, 1841. Her father, who was one of the first apostles in this dispensation, after providentially escaping from prison in Missouri, in 1839, where he with others had spent eight months without trial for their religion, went with other members of the Twelve to England the next year.

They located in Manchester where her father commenced the publication of a periodical called the *Millennial Star,* which has continued until the present time. Parley P. Pratt was the first editor of this magazine. The beginning number was issued in May, 1840, and the following inspiring poem written by him especially for the introduction of this periodical appeared on its cover. It was also the first hymn printed in the L. D. S. Hymn book that was published at that time:

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled!
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine;
The glory, bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

The Gentile fulness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand;
Lo! Judah's remnant, cleans'd from sin;
Shall in their promised Canaan stand.

Jehovah speaks! Let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live!
His mighty arm is making bare,
His covenant people to receive.

Angels from heaven, and truth from earth
Have met, and both have record borne;
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransomed children home.

Upon learning that his family in New York was dangerously sick with scarlet fever, Brother Pratt, acting on the advice of the members of his quorum, returned to America. After their recovery he again sailed for England, taking his family along, where it was understood he would remain for several years as editor and publisher, as well as to carry on missionary work. The group included his wife Mary Ann, her daughter, Mary Ann Stearns, by

OLIVIA PRATT DRIGGS

a former husband, his sons Parley and Nathan, and his wife's sister, Olive Frost. After a long and tiresome voyage, they landed at Liverpool in October, 1840.

These two sisters, Mary Ann Pratt and Olive Frost, were the first missionary women in this dispensation to cross the ocean in the interest of the Church.

Manchester now became the family home, and it was while

they were occupied in their missionary activities, a year later, that little Olivia was born.

The Pratt family remained in England until October, 1842, when they returned to America, landing at New Orleans in January, 1843, having been on the water fifteen weeks. As they were going up the Mississippi river on a steamboat, Olivia's little sister Susan was born. Because of the frozen condition of the upper Mississippi, the family stopped at Chester, Ill., a little town seventy miles southeast of St. Louis, where they spent the remainder of the winter.

Late the following spring, they moved on to St. Louis and from there they were taken to Nauvoo on a small steamer called the *Maid of Iowa,* commanded by Captain Dan Jones, of Nauvoo. This boat belonged to the Saints, the Prophet Joseph being part owner.

At Nauvoo they were met on the docks by the Prophet Joseph who carried little Olivia in his arms up the river bank to his home where they all received the usual welcome and "God bless you, Brother Parley."

Nauvoo was the family home until the expulsion of the Saints several years later. They lived in a large, two-story brick house facing west toward the Mississippi river, and located on the corner of Young and Wells streets, just one block east of the temple square.

The children watched the walls of that edifice as they gradually ascended, and amused themselves running around on the foundation and among the big stones and work benches. They knew the workmen, and the hardships under which they labored; among them were Brother Player, Miles Romney, and others. The men were so distributed that there was one man to a stone, cutting the half moons, suns, and other figures.

Olivia's mother was an active member of the first Relief Society which was organized by Joseph Smith, with Emma Smith as president. At the time of the destruction of the *Nauvoo Expositor,* the children picked up some of the printing type that was thrown into the street, and the older ones spelled all their names with it. Some of this type is in the possession of members of the family today. The older Pratt children attended school in the Masonic Temple.

During their sojourn in Nauvoo, the Prophet Joseph was a frequent visitor at the Pratt home, and Olivia remembered that he used to take her and the other children on his lap and amuse them. When the martyrdom came, with all its horrors, together with its accompanying excitement, the children received such lasting impressions that they were vivid all during the remainder of their lives.

One day Brother Joseph Fielding was driving his big team and wagon west on Young Street, and as he neared the Pratt home little Olivia ran out in front of the horses and was not seen by the driver until she was found between the horses, when he rescued her.

The family was in Nauvoo at the time of the battle, and at one time the citizens of Nauvoo stored forty kegs of gun powder in the large cellar under the Pratt home.

At the time of the expulsion, the Saints were given three days in which to get out of the state of Illinois, and by the end of the third day the women and children were camped on the river bank in the sand just opposite Montrose. The ferry was a flat boat which was towed up the river by horses then it was carried across by the force of the stream, a rather slow process.

Sister Pratt and the children were quartered in an improvised tent which she had made water-proof. One day at the sound of fife and drum, they discovered that a company of troops had halted near by. Upon seeing Mrs. Pratt, the officer said, "You're a pretty set, ain't you?" Sister Pratt replied, "Gentlemen, it's your day now, but bye and bye it may be ours."

"Shut up," he said, "or I'll have you placed under guard."

"I don't fear you at all," was Sister Pratt's rejoinder.

One man in the gang called to little Olivia, who was a curly-headed child of five years, and asked, "Where's your Pa?" As she ran out, Mary Ann, her sister, went along to protect her. "Where are you going?—To California?" he continued. "Well, here's a bit piece [12½c.]. It will pay your way out there," he spoke as he threw the coin to Olivia. These children did not see dime or nickle coins until after they came to Utah, as few had been made at that time.

After crossing the river, tents were pitched on the Iowa side where food became scarce. But droves of quail flew near by, and were so tame that the people had no difficulty in catching them for food. One day a steam boat came up the river from St. Louis loaded with provisions that had been donated by the good people of that city. When it reached the river bank, a representative of each exiled family was sent for, and the provisions were generously distributed according to the number in each family. Mary Ann, now a girl of fourteen, was sent by her mother and received corn meal, bacon, dried apples, and other much needed articles.

Late one night, little Martha Pratt, aged three years, daughter of William and Martha Shumway Pratt, died in a tent from ague. They secured a coffin in Montrose, and the next day the body was taken across the river in a sail boat for burial. Mary Ann went along to show them where the Pratt family graves were located.

Several times the boat almost tipped over. They were met on the Nauvoo side by a brother with a team, he having rowed across earlier in the day. The remains were placed by the side of the other Pratt graves in their private lot not far from their recently abandoned brick house. An accurate map of the place is now in possession of the family. Nauvoo was still and quiet. The mob had all gone. There was not a soul to be seen anywhere.

Six weeks after all this excitement, Sister Pratt and her children recrossed the river and remained in Nauvoo all winter. With John S. Fullmer's family, they lived in the house which had been the home of John D. Lee. This was not far from Heber C. Kimball's large brick house.

As soon as spring opened, they moved east to the state of Maine, their old home, where they stayed for about eighteen months, when they came west again, locating in St. Louis. It was at this place that Olivia and her little brother Moroni L., who was born in Nauvoo, attended school for the first time.

Their next temporary home was Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, where the children again attended school.

On May 10, 1852, they started across the plains arriving in Salt Lake City four month later; and the following winter Olivia attended school in the Fourteenth ward assembly rooms.

After the cruel assassination of Brother Pratt, the family moved to Battle Creek, in Utah county, and made their home with Brother Oscar and Mary Ann Stearns Winters. At this time the houses in this region were scattered along the state road from American Fork to Provo bench. The Indian War, however, waged by Chief Walker, forced the people to build a fort which is now the town of Pleasant Grove.

On the 15th of February, 1857, Olivia was married to Benjamin Woodbury Driggs, a promising young man of that community, the ceremony being performed by Elder Orson Hyde. Brother Driggs had also spent his youthful days in Nauvoo, where his father, Shoduck F. Driggs, lived and maintained a large wagon shop. At the fitting out for the "move," Shoduck F. Driggs built dozens of wagons, the iron work of which was done by Martin H. Pick.

This young bridegroom had recently returned from southern California, where he had been employed by Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich. B. W. Driggs became one of the leading business men of Utah county. He was an officer in the militia and took an active part in the Black Hawk and other Indian troubles. B. W. and Olivia made their permanent home in Pleasant Grove. To them twelve children were born, six of whom survive them.

In the late 80's B. W. Driggs, Jr., and Don Carlos Driggs,

with others of their brothers, settled in Idaho in the valley of the Tetons, then an Indian country. They founded the thriving town of Driggs, where Don C. was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland. The Teton stake of Zion was later organized with Don C. Driggs as president, in which capacity he served for twenty years. Inheriting the sterling qualities of their progenitors, these Driggs brothers took an active part in building up that community. B. W. Driggs, Jr., is at present prosecuting attorney for Teton county, Idaho.

The Driggs home, in Pleasant Grove, was a social center for both old and young, and Sister Olivia was never happier than when she was extending hospitality to her friends and neighbors. In this immaculate home, there were music and books; and it was here that the young people of the community loved to gather to rehearse concerts, dramas, and other forms of community amusements; and in which the daughters of the home were capable and talented leaders. Sister Olivia herself, joined in all the plans and ambitions of the young people, and was their constant inspiration. For many years she was a member of the old folks' committee, as well as an active Relief Society teacher in the ward. She died at her home in Pleasant Grove, Tuesday morning, June 12, 1906, aged sixty-five years.

Hard Up

You're not hard up when your purse is flat
And your trousers frayed like an old door-mat;
You're not hard up when your bills fall due
And you haven't a dollar to see them through;
You're not hard up till you see the day
That you haven't a cheeful word to say.

You're not hard up when your coin is gone
And you whistle a tune as you journey on;
You may walk the street while others ride
And your pockets have naught but your hand inside;
That's not being broke you may depend,
For you're not hard up while you have a friend.

But you are hard up and in a sorry way
If you haven't a cheerful word to say;
If nothing on earth appeals to you
And you can't see charm in the skies of blue;
And you are hard up if you've reached the end,
And can say in truth that you have no friend.

In dollars and cents don't count your wealth,
But sum it up in good friends and health,
In the little tots that call you "dad,"
Who, when you're coming, are, oh, so glad.
If you haven't a soul to love or care,
You are hard up, though a millionaire.

—Junior Republic.

Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem

ANNOUNCEMENT 1924

The memorial shall be known as the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem, and shall be awarded by the Relief Society annually.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, but only one poem may be submitted by each contestant. Two prizes will be awarded—a first prize consisting of $20 and a second prize consisting of $10.

2. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written, and should be without signature or other identifying marks.

3. Only one side of the paper should be used.

4. Each contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of any editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

5. Each poem must be accompanied with a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. *Nom de plumes* should not be used.

6. No member of the General Board, nor persons connected with the office force of the Relief Society, shall be eligible to this contest.

7. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

8. The poem must be submitted not later than October 15. The prize poems will be published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit, not winning special awards, will receive honorable mention; the editors claiming the right to publish any poems submitted, the published poems to be paid for at the regular *Magazine* rates.

All the entries should be sent to Alice L. Reynolds, Associate editor, *Relief Society Magazine*, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, not later than October 15.

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah
Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - -

by way of spiritual education and encouragement, than to bear testimony to the great truths that Jesus is the Son of God; that he was born of the Virgin Mary; that he was called to his divine mission by the Father; that the Father exercised divine watch-care and guidance over him, from the hour of his baptism, and the descending of the Holy Ghost upon him, until his crucifixion; and that he is resurrected, and that in conjunction with the Father he is working for the salvation of mankind here on earth.

Again the Latter-day Saints have cause to rejoice, that in this latter day so much of truth has been revealed to them that they need not stand and hesitate and wonder which is the path, nor question whether Bishop Brown's stand be correct or incorrect. They know what the revealed word of the Lord is on this matter, and that is their guide day by day.

Religion in Russia

It would seem, from trustworthy information, that the Communist or Bolshevik element of the Russian Government is antagonistic to many of the most vital teachings of the Bible and the revealed Word concerning our Lord and Savior.

The following graphic bit of history related by Senator William H. King, at the funeral service of his sister-in-law—Mrs. Samuel A. King, is to the point. In one of the cities of Russia the Soviet officials called a meeting to discuss religion, to which the Communist leaders and priests were invited. One of the Bolshevik speakers explained—the Christ myth, attempting to show that the Savior was but a man and had not been resurrected—

And concluded his speech by declaring that—all superstitions concerning Christ should be put away—and shouting—long live the Communist Internationale.

Long live the Communist Internationale.

There was liberal applause. A Jewish speaker attacked the stories concerning the birth of Christ, and in conclusion declared "that Mary was but a woman of the streets." There was less applause. A priest then arose, standing silently before the people, and made the sign of the cross. It was Easter week, and the priest pronounced the Easter greeting: "Christ is risen." The multitude swayed toward him by way of reply, and said, "He is risen indeed." The priest repeated, "Christ is risen," and with a mighty response the audience replied, "He is risen indeed!" "What more is there to say? Let us to our homes," answered the priest after a moment of silence. Thus ended the meeting.

Utah, a Mecca of Education

At this writing three summer schools of the state are in full swing. They are respectively; the Agricultural College summer school at Logan, the summer school of the University of Utah, at Salt Lake City, and the Brigham Young University summer school at Provo.

The largest of these is the Utah Agricultural College summer school, with an enrollment of 1500, including regular and special students. The Agricultural College has brought to the state this season an extraordinary number of noted educators from both the East and the West.

The University of Utah has surpassed its enrollment of last year, and has a number of guest professors and special lecturers from leading institutions from other parts of the country. One feature relating to the guest professors at the University of Utah, especially gratifying, is that it has called back two native Utahns Dr. John Sundwall, on the faculty of the University of Michigan, and Dr. Horace Secrist on the faculty of Northwestern University. Both of these young men received part or all of their preparatory training for college here in the state, and both of them have been regular members of faculties of local institutions. Dr. Sundwall was at one time on the staff of the University of Utah, and Dr. Secrist on the staff of the Brigham Young University.

The Brigham Young University has surpassed its summer school enrollment of last year and has already more students than it can accommodate for the summer schools at Aspen Grove, the second term. This summer it has a group of guest professors from well known Universities East and West, as well as Dr. Adam S. Bennion, Superintendent of Church Schools, and Mrs. Maud Beeley Jacob, head of the English department of the Provo High School.

We wish to draw particular attention to three things in this recital of facts. First, that the Agricultural College, in its summer school, has brought a good many men of educational renown into our state who would not have come otherwise, thus introducing our state, with all its educational facilities and beauty, to educational leaders of the first rank. Secondly, it has given opportunity for our Utah students to come face to face with these professional men. This is just as true of the University of Utah summer school and the Brigham Young University summer school, as it is of the Agricultural College summer school, the point of vantage being with the Agricultural College, because it has brought into the state the greatest number of guest professors. Our second point is in relation to bringing home our Utah boys so that we may all realize where they stand professionally, and what they are accomplishing in the educational world. The last point we

wish to emphasize, and perhaps this is the most important, is that although the Agricultural College has a student body of 1,500, it has not deminished the enrollment of the summer schools in the other two college centers. It speaks volumes for the educational spirit that prevails in this intermountain region that three summer schools may be held in a region, comparatively speaking, sparsely inhabited, and yet be so eminently successful.

This matter should be of great interest to women, when we take into consideration the fact that a very large number of the students in these summer schools, in all probability the majority, are women.

The Stricken Family at the White House

As we dictate this note of sympathy, the funeral service for Calvin Coolidge, Jr., is being held at the White House.

A year ago now we were writing a note of sympathy to Mrs. Harding, and in the early spring our hearts were drawn out to Mrs. Wilson.

It seems that the "Grim Reaper" has paid all too frequent visits to the haunts of the mighty within the last year. We do not recall, during any period of our lives the frequency of death to occupants of the White House that this last year has brought.

Every mother's heart in the land throbs in sympathy with Mrs. Coolidge, and every father's heart beats a dirge of sorrow for the President.

May the richest blessings of our Father rest upon the family of our Chief Executive to comfort and heal the wounds made by so untimely a death of so promising a youth.

Editor's Note: The poem by Claire Stewart Boyer; the sketch on the life of Oliva Pratt Driggs, and the story "John Bennett's Divorce" were designed for the July issue, but because of insufficient room were crowded out.

John Bennett's Divorce

By Ivy Williams Stone

At twenty-eight, Mrs. Ruth Bennett was the head of the millinery section in a Broadway department store. She was respected by salesmen, loved by her clerks, valued by her employers. But her only claim to matrimony seemed to be in her wedding ring, for her husband never materialized. While Ruth Bennett catered to temperamental fashion, John Bennett toiled on a remote ranch somewhere "out west."

"You've got a visitor, Mrs. Bennett," announced a clerk one bright April morning, as Ruth sorted the department mail. "She looks like she's sneaked off Ellis Island, but she says she has come all the way from Buenna, Idaho. You ought to see her coat—"

"Did you say *Buenna, Idaho?*" interrupted Mrs. Bennett, in a tone neither crisp nor business-like, but betraying sudden agitation. "Buenna," she repeated, adding under her breath, "that's John's postoffice." She turned to her desk to hide rising emotion. "I'll see her in fifteen minutes," she added.

Ruth Bennett did not devote the interval of time to her mail or her important orders. While she automatically fingered the tempting renewal of contract which the firm offered her, she made a rapid mental survey of the preceding six years of her life. She recalled the circumstances which today found her husband alone on a ranch in Idaho, while she held a position of responsibility in New York City. She recalled their marriage; John's enthusiasm over the "call of the west;" their removal to the arid farm lands of Idaho, youthfully certain that a new Utopia lay before them. She remembered how John had gloried in the great future he visualized, while her sensitive nature shrunk from the hardships and necessary privations of pioneering life. While John had tramped joyously behind his plow or sung as he grubbed cedars, Ruth had loathed the silence, the hot winds, the insufferable canned food and stale water, which were a part of the arid valley. While John had built sheds and fenced his homestead with cedars of his own cutting, his wife had resented the necessity of cedar chips, and the smoky, ill-smelling bacon which was their main fare. She saw no future in the gray stretches of sagebrush. no release from the monotonous toil and routine. Her rose-colored dreams were shattered, and she begrudged every day spent in the small, dirt-roofed cabin.

After the first winter, John, realizing her unhappiness, had let her go back home for a change, telling her to return when she

felt "rested." The *rest* had lengthened into a year, and Ruth waited for John to send for her. As he did not do this she had gone to work, and now six years had passed since her glad farewell to the land of sagebrush and squirrels. Six years in which she had attained a position of responsibility, had saved most of her earnings; had grown more lonely in the rushing crowds than she had ever been on the homestead, and had come to live upon the coming of John's letters. But of late these had become infrequent and strained, betraying the lack of common interest.

"I wonder," mused Mrs. Bennett to herself, fingering the contract, "if John still grubs cedars and hauls water. I wonder if this visitor brings a message from him. I've had no letter since Christmas, and it is almost Easter. I—"

Her reverie was interrupted by the approach of her visitor, whose appearance beggared the clerk's description. A faded green coat of antique style nearly covered a dark blue, "hobble type" skirt. Her old beaver hat was adorned with a rollicking owl; her hair was drawn into a tight, unlovely knot. Her feet were shod in heel'ess comfort. Only her hands and intelligent eyes, clear, gray, and searching, asserted her right to belong to the present generation.

"You're Miss Bennett, I could tell easy. I've saw your picture so often," began the caller dispensing with all formality. "John couldn't nuver claim you fur his sister, though, far as looks is concerned. You don't favor him a mite. Guess you both took after different sides of the family." She was delving into a gray telescope as she spoke and knowing the custom of certain country people of using *Miss* and *Mrs.* interchangeably, Ruth did not hasten to correct her guest's error.

"O here 'tis! I like to thought I'd lost it!" The young woman rose, flushed but triumphant, and extended an envelope addressed to *Miss* Ruth Bennett, courtesy Miss Madge Paine. With the apparent guilelessness of a child, Miss Paine's gaze wandered about the tiny office, while Ruth, unheeding, read her letter.

Dear Ruth:—Since you have stayed away six years, I am about to divorce you on the grounds of desertion. The bearer of this note, Miss Madge Paine, is a young lady of our valley who has shown me many a kindness during the years I have lived alone. She has assumed of her own accord that you are my sister. Please do not inform her otherwise. I shall apply for divorce during her absence, and when I am free, I intend to marry her. She has money, please superintend the purchase of her trousseau and send her back with a blessing for us both.

Sincerely,

JOHN BENNETT.

Ruth read and reread her letter in rigid silence. So, this was the reason for John's recent silence, for the dearth of letters during the past year. And this was to be the end of her years of hard

work, of her hoarded savings! Divorce at twenty-eight! And all because she could not endure salt pork and beans, because she was not fashioned of sturdy, pioneering stock! She had always intended to return—for what else had she been so diligent and saving? She glanced stealthily at the woman who had taken her place, who had alienated John's affections, and a wave of shame and resentment surged through her that such a vulgar woman could replace Ruth Bennett, the cultured and refined, in the affections of any man. "A fine type from a fine state," she muttered bitterly. But what else could she expect, when John was willing to divorce *her*? Surely his refinement was gone; he had become a mere dolt.

At the thought of the indignity John was thrusting upon her, Ruth's fine, inherent instincts rose in protest. She glanced again at her visitor. That young lady was engaged in trying the effect of Ruth's new spring wraps. Under cover of her preoccupation, Ruth transferred her wedding ring to her right hand. John should never guess the fulness of the wound he had inflicted. Pride should hide her hurt, she would play the game! She glanced gratefully at the contract upon her desk. For two more years, at least, work would prove the healing balm. How grateful she felt that she had not rejected it, as she had intended. She would work and succeed, and John should live to regret his decision. But even as she built an armor of achievement about her wounded pride, Ruth wondered if John had aged; if he had succeeded as he had dreamed; if he still lived in the tiny cabin. She wondered if he would continue to grease harnesses on long winter nights, while his new wife sat opposite him, patching the dusty grain sacks. She ought to feel grateful, rather than chagrined, to be spared such an existence.

But cold, reasonable arguments were insufficient balm for the deep hurt; the words of John's letter seemed to dance grotesquely before her eyes; the odor of a bunch of violets upon her desk seemed strangely like that of frizzling bacon. Only the chiming of her desk clock recalled Ruth from her mental wanderings to a re-assertion of her self mastery.

"I am delighted, Miss Madge," her voice carried the charming tones which were so much her success, "to meet my brother's future wife. I may call you Madge, of course?" she added smilingly. "I shall make arrangement to devote a part of each day to your shopping needs, and together we will select a trousseau which, I hope, will satisfy you and Brother John, too. I am glad my brother is going to end his lonely ways." Ruth felt that lie was an achievement in self possession—surely she was mistress of her emotions.

"I'm glad you're willin' that I should get married to John." Miss Paine's musical voice was incongruous with her uncultured

speech. "I sure want you to help me buy a few things to make life more comfortable fur John. He's had a hard struggle out there. Some window curtain stuff and a table cloth or two, to make the place look homelike. He's had a terrible lonely time of it, with no wimen folks around. He's a good man, John is, and I aim to help him all I kin. I ain't got no patience with these here lap-dog wives, what's expectin' a man to do all, and gives nuthin' back. They're just millstones round a man's neck, and there's plenty of them things in our country, without wives turnin' into 'em!"

Ruth glanced quickly at Miss Paine, searching for the intent of her cutting thrust. Was the remark intentionally personal? But Madge's guileless face showed only wonderment, interest, and friendly concern. Ruth methodically set to work upon the purchase of Madge's trousseau. Madge produced a generous purse, and Ruth, as if seeking to heap coals of fire upon John's head, made inroads into her own savings. "I might as well," she argued with herself, "there is no motive to save for myself now." If material things could make Madge contented with the life which lay before her, she should have them a plenty. Many curious glances and suppressed smiles followed the incongruous pair on their daily shopping trip, for Ruth's immaculate toilet only served to make Madge's oddities of dress more noticeable. But a transformation was soon accomplished, for Ruth's first task had been the purchase of suitable clothes for her guest.

In the choice of household fittings Madge seemed willing to leave all selections to Ruth. The result was an array of fine linens, thin china, dainty curtains and good rugs which would have decried and overflowed the tiny cabin Ruth had known. Perhaps John would see the necessity of building a better house for the furniture which came with his bride, Ruth bitterly concluded. Forth from its corner she brought her own hope chest, filled with beautiful and expensive *home things* which she had collected from time to time, and which she had saved for the home she had visioned. With reckless abandon she transferred all the contents of the chest to a voluminous box destined, with others, for Buenna, Idaho.

But in the selection of her personal outfit, Madge demurred and attempted to assert individual taste. "Silk stockins and white house dresses ain't in keepin' with our ways," she protested, as Ruth displayed her selections. "Reckon you ain't nuver seen a dry-farm," she continued. "Sagebrush and sand, cedars and weeds is our nearest neighbors. We don't have no swamps nor frog ponds. John's life ain't easy like that o' farmers back here. He has to fight rabbits an' squirrels an' grasshoppers, an' wind. May as like I'll haul water and chase sheep through barbed fences. Better give me good, wearin' things, like ginghams an' khaki. I

nuver was much fur fancy fixings. Folks in our valley will think I'm puttin' on airs 'cause John Bennett's pick't me out,' she warned.

Ruth paid no heed to her protestations. Secretly she was determined to see Madge have a trousseau which would astonish John, that would set a standard he would feel constrained to meet. Perhaps daintiness in his bride would stir his lethargic soul—set him again pulsing for the things of life. He had once loved the beautiful; he might yet be stirred from the groove of his own making. Perhaps he would yet come to feel discontent for his primitive environment. At least, reasoned Ruth, he would see that his rejected wife knew how to do things. So with reckless disregard for cost or practicability, Ruth filled a trunk with delicate, sheer garments more suited to a wealthy debutante than the wife of an Idaho dry-farmer.

"You're going to have a real wedding, Madge," persisted Ruth, revealing a bridal veil and a georgette gown, "a real orange blossom wedding. You will be the first correctly gowned bride in your valley. Are they not beautiful?"

Madge surveyed the dainty garments with lethargic interest.

"They don't look to me as if they'd stand washin'," was her practical comment, "and they'd sure need it if I was to wear 'em to the court house, thirty miles off. Sand and wind would sure make that dress look sick." She laughed at the fancied picture.

Ruth also determined Madge should have her fling at New York City. During her sojourn in the Idaho valley she had known women who spent their entire lives within its narrow confines; women who had never seen a city or purchased a yard of cloth over a counter. She took Madge to her own apartment, from where they journeyed every night in search of diversion. She took her to the best amusements the city afforded, on boat excursions around Manhattan Island. She guided her through the Sunday crowds at Coney Island, watched her gaze, open-mouthed, at the canyon of skyscrapers on lower Broadway. She piloted her up the long flight in the Goddess of Liberty, took her to gaze at the masterpieces in the art museums. She managed to keep Madge in a constant rush and excitement, half for the purpose of sowing discontent in her mind, half to drown her own heartache, which daily grew more poignant. But she was determined upon one thing—Madge should taste city life to the full before returning to her martyr-like existence.

And Madge was, to all appearances, plastic to Ruth's wishes. She went where Ruth willed; dressed in the new clothes as she dictated, and maintained an attitude of wonderment at the new life opening before her. Uncomplainingly she tramped through the crowds, ate at the roof garden tables, gazed at the great crowds which filled the Hippodrome. Only at night, instead of dreaming

of the thrilling sights, as Ruth supposed her to be doing, Madge lay awake, listening to Ruth's restless turnings.

For, in the privacy of the friendly darkness, Ruth Bennett gave vent to her real feelings. She did not want John, *her John,* to marry this woman. Could he raise her to his level, or would he stoop to hers? Over and over, through sleepless hours, she studied her problem, striving to be fair, failing miserably. When the trousseau was completed and the last box had been shipped to Buenna's nearest railroad terminal, Ruth gave Madge what she supposed was the biggest surprise of her visit. She would test John's ability of self control, since he had seen fit to give her the supreme test. She would let him see the woman he had set aside.

"Madge," she said with seeming innocence, "what would you think if I go back with you to Buenna to see you married? I haven't seen brother John for six years, and I need a rest, too. My contract provides for a vacation every year, and I have not used last year's. I'll go with you, and we'll surprise John. I can be of so much assistance to you in your wedding preparations, besides," she continued lightly, "I fear if I am not there to make you wear it, you'll forget all about that beautiful veil and gown. We won't write John a word about my coming, I'll just be there, when he comes to meet you. Won't he be surprised?"

A fleeting look of triumph, of cunning intent, passed over Madge's face, then it relaxed into the expression of wonderment which she had constantly worn.

"Do you aim to go back to Buenna with *me*?" she said incredulously. "Back there where there ain't no electric lights, or fancy eatin' houses, or paved streets? Back there where the dust crawls over your slipper tops and the wind burns you browner 'an a berry? Back to Buenna people drink water from barrels," she added. "Do you really mean to go with me, just to see me and John get married?"

"I guess if you and John can endure it for the rest of your lives, I ought to be able to survive it for a week or two," Ruth's reply carried a forced laugh. "Perhaps the change will do me good. I feel dreadfully run down, anyway."

"You sure do think a lot of John," was Madge's only comment. "Buyin' all them things fur him an' me, 'stead of puttin' 'em into a house fur yourself. No wonder he was always talkin' about you. I ain't surprised now that he kep' your picture where he could see it—in his watch. You sure are some sister, 'an I'll be proud to show you to my folks. They'll be proud to meet you, Miss Bennett, and they'll sure treat you right."

But Ruth Bennett was not thinking of the reception she would receive from Madge's folks. She was not thinking of the attractive Easter window which had brought so much praise to her department. She had even forgotten her contract, which still remained

unsigned. She was mentally picturing the varied emotions which would flood John Bennett's unshaven, sunburned face when his divorced wife and his bride-to-be should both step from the train.

CHAPTER TWO

A few days later the two women began the return journey to Buenna. Ruth distinctly remembered all the landmarks of the journey as she had made it with John, seven years before. The rolling hills with their background of rugged mountains looked familiar. The narrow gauge railroad, with its puffing engine and swaying cars was still there. But Ruth looked in vain for coyotes and rabbits and other wild life she remembered. Instead, she gazed at fallowed fields, at new homesteaders' houses, at tractors, winding around wide clearings. Pungent odors of fresh turned earth blended with the odor of cinders; and ever before them like a bright green carpet, stretched broad fields of fall grain. Even at the terminal further surprises awaited her. There was no lonely, forlorn mail stage, which she so well remembered as the vehicle in which she and John had journeyed to their claim. Instead, several autos stood about, while their owners formed little groups as they waited for the train.

As the engine heaved and steamed, two men hurried forward —two men who were neither unshaven nor uncouth, whose conventional dress would have passed unnoticed on a city street. Sunburned and rugged they were, to be sure, but what a wonderful, healthy, vigorous color it was! Ruth felt a hot, stinging flush as John Bennett strode toward *her*, and not toward Madge. Here was this man whom she had judged as degenerating and plebian. Here was no failure, no dolt, but a man, confident, assured, bearing the stamp of successful achievement in every movement.

Her confused emotions simmered to surprise as John, after a perfunctory greeting to Madge, turned his attention solely to his supposed sister; while his companion, upon reaching Madge, took her bodily in one strong arm and swung her clear from the platform. There had been no exchange of lovers' glances, no diffidence on the part of either one.

"Ruth!" cried John Bennett, seizing both her hands in a grip which hurt, "how good it is to see you again! How glad I am! What a surprise—I never dreamed you were brave enough to weather our frontier country. Madge gave us no hint of your coming, but we all of us—Madge, her brother and I, welcome you to our valley, *my sister!*"

"Oh, yes, this is my brother Ernest, and this is John's sister Ruth," introduced Madge as soon as she had regained her breath and equilibrium. "You'll have to excuse his makin' a fuss over me, Ruth. Him and me thinks quite a bit of each other, same as

you and John does. That's the way I like to see families," she added, as if anxious to explain Ernest's demonstrations satisfactorily. "I don't aim to let even a husband come between me and Ernest."

"You'd better not," replied Ernest testily. And, as if to prove his point further, he lifted Madge into the front seat of the car, climbed into the driver's seat and beckoned the others to follow. "Come on," he called, his good nature seemingly restored, "no need to bicker about which bus to take. They all lead to the same hotel."

Ruth, sitting beside John in the rear seat, became self conscious and ill at ease. She felt an undercurrent of emotion which she could not understand. Everything was so different! John had not manifested the emotions of chagrin which she had expected; he was not the uncouth failure she had visioned. He did not seem depressed or poor, and instead of being embarrassed at her presence, he was openly elated. Ruth could not understand his marriage with Madge—was it to be compensation for some service rendered? Was he marrying to get a cook? He certainly was not the buoyant, eager lover Madge had a right to expect. And yet, all the way, he praised her and her achievement. Undoubtedly there existed some unexplained circumstances, some peculiar conditions to be cleared up before the atmosphere would be marital and festive.

During the entire trip John, as if anxious to dispel Ruth's evident embarrassment, talked continuously, calling her attention to points of interest enroute. "We're a lot more settled out here than people think," he said, "dry-farmers everywhere now. Hardly a bit of range left. Lucky thing for me that I filed on an additional homestead and bought a piece or two from disgruntled settlers. Now I've got enough land to farm it right. That's a tractor way over there, Ruth—they're the only thing in this country—beat the old plow horse all to pieces. They pull your cedar trees, plow your land and run your threshing machines. Regular all-round servants. I'm sure glad Madge insisted on my getting one—it's going to pay for itself this year alone. She's got foresight, that girl has, Ruth, if I do say it. That's my section line over at the far end of that stubble," he continued. "That bunch of cedars away up there hides the house where we are going to live. Madge thought it would be a pretty place to build, and, of course, I agreed with her. That long black line is fresh plowed ground, and that patch turning green is fall rye," he explained at great length, choosing to pretend Ruth had never seen a plowed field. "Not so fast Ernest, please," he bantered boyishly, "I want my sister to see all my broad acres."

But Ruth did not heed his light repartee. More beautiful than any window display she had ever made, the wide valley lay

before them. Smooth as a carpet, the pale green fields of grain stretched far away, blending with the purple gray of yet unconquered sage. The black squares of fresh earth, with the occasional blocks of yellow stubble gave the whole valley the appearance of a huge checkerboard. And John had a new house, built purposely for his new bride! How Ruth remembered that grove of cedars in which he had built! How she had hated them during the long winter she had spent in the tiny, snowbound cabin. They had seemed so calm and peaceful, despite the heavy snows which weighted their branches. They had been a haven to the cedar birds that had so irritated her with their cawing. How prosperous the whole valley seemed—how different from the waste stretches she had known. It no longer seemed desolate and silent, but fresh and inviting—nature seemed to be calling from every clod, but not to *her*. She had not toiled for the fruits which were now abundant, and the harvest was entirely for another.

As Ernest drove leisurely toward the clump of cedars, Ruth noted new sheds, new barns, a huge silo, and a large windmill whirling merrily. Signs of prosperity were on every hand. John never told her of these improvements. And the house! Ruth had never dreamed such a structure possible out here. Logs and shingles artistically blended, with a cobble fire-place. Cedar trees all around, window boxes of house plants, neat paths, sodded grass. No cluttered yard, no unsightly tin cans, no inquisitive drove of hogs or loose chickens. A veritable home, built for and planned by this Madge, whom John seemed unable to praise enough.

And within the house the same air of peace and refinement prevailed. There was no lurking odor or rancid bacon, no hint of harness oil or dusty grain sacks. There was no evidence of smoky oil lamps or make-shift furniture. The atmosphere was like that of the city that Ruth had left. The kitchen had a sink with running water; the dining table was set with the thin china she had selected—the chairs looked inviting—one of the good rugs was in place. In every detail it was a home, built for the sole purpose of comfort and happiness.

"Put on another plate for sister Ruth," called John genially as they entered. "I like your taste in dishes and furniture, Madge," he continued as she capably prepared the meal. "This is going to be some house. Just as soon as Madge can get the curtains made you couldn't tell it from a city flat. Now honest, eh, Ruth? You must stay a long time with us, sister, and come often again. You look tired out, but Madge is a regular cook, so you'll pick up in no time. You must be sure to taste the fried rabbit she canned last winter, after our big hunt. Couldn't tell it from chicken if you didn't know about it."

Ruth never knew how she got through that meal. Ernest Paine was preoccupied and spoke only in monosyllables. It seemed

to take all of Madge's time to wait upon the table and John had no topic of conversation save praise for Madge's accomplishments. Madge was foremost in all his plans, all his hopes. She had planned the house—she had designed the cobble chimney—she had planted the lawn—she had selected the wall paper. In short she seemed, to John, an almost omnipotent personage.

Choking down a little of the much praised food, Ruth pleaded fatigue and asked to be excused. Whereupon John immediately showed her to a daintily furnished room which, he explained, Madge had designed for her very own, but which should belong to Ruth so long as she cared to stay.

There it was again—praise for Madge! Was the very air she breathed supplied by that wonderful woman? Evidently she dominated the entire life of the ranch—perhaps she had actually done the courting. Was John marrying her because she was capable and strong and acclimated? Without so much as a glance at the room and its trimmings, Ruth flung herself upon the bed, heartsick and lonely. She keenly realized that she was reaping only the fruit of her own sowing. She had voluntarily withdrawn herself from the life of the valley—how could she expect the valley to include her now? She knew she was responsible for John's altered affections. She had played the *lap dog wife,* made no sacrifices, no self-denial. She had failed to do her part, for she had literally run away when the real struggle began. All that John had achieved had been done without encouragement or aid from his wife. No wonder he had sought release, and solace from another.

She was finally roused from her self denunciation by the sound of subdued voices near the open window. John? Was he exercising the lover's right, indulging in the lover's embrace, he had denied himself in Ruth's presence. Ruth did not intend to eavesdrop, but there was no retreat and the voices floated in, while the early twilight concealed the identity of the speakers.

"Give me back my wedding ring," said a woman's voice, musical and happy. "I've been lost without it ever since I left. I'll never take it off again, never, never! Give it to me, please, I feel sort of divorced without it."

"Not until you kiss me forty times," answered a man's voice, low but dominant. "After three week's absence, seems to me I'm entitled to some show of wifely affection. Here I've been around you for about six hours and haven't dared to even kiss you for fear of spoiling the play. Never been so lonesome in all my life! Can't understand how John's ever managed to stick it out so long. If you hadn't come on that train, I was prepared to go and get you. If we were ever indebted to John Bennett, and I know of course we were—he's pulled us through many a bad pinch—you've more than turned the tables. The very idea of borrowing a man's wife,

and *my wife* at that, for three long weeks, just to bring a pride-bound woman to her senses!"

"But it was worth it, dear, and so necessary, too," the woman's voice was tender, her speech free from all colloquial expressions. "Think what her coming means to him—to them both. And she has come as he determined she should—voluntarily."

"Humph!" the man's voice was charged with disgust for all things feminine. "He's been too easy and tolerant. He should have played the cave man. If a woman couldn't share *my* privations, I can't figure out why she should get in on the flush of things. She's ducked all the hard part—his path is easy sailing now. She ought to be willing to come back."

"Ernest!" the voice was half protesting, half laughing. "Please stop mussing my hair. And you're mistaken when you say *he* has had all the hard part, and all the loneliness. You should have seen her as I first did, cooped up in a tiny glass office, without even a view of the horrid paved streets. She was unhappy. Her eyes told me so. When she read that ridiculous letter about divorce, I thought she was going to faint. I guess she had to suffer some, to make her feel how much she really cared." There was a moment's lull, a smothered protest, a subdued laugh and the narrator continued:

"The way she dragged me around New York City, and the ridiculous things she purchased for my trousseau. I couldn't stop her. My feet are covered with blisters—I am sick for sleep, and my poor stomach is on a revolt. She thought John would send for her, while he thought she ought to come because she left of her own free choice."

"I should say as much!" the voice of Ernest Paine rose emphatic, in defense of all wifeless husbands. "If you acted—"

Ruth Bennett, half credulous, half dazed, became fully conscious of her eavesdropping. She rose suddenly and slammed the window down recklessly. How stupidly credulous and gullible she had been. How she had played into their game, just as they wished her to do! John wasn't engaged to Madge—she could have screamed her relief. Ernest Paine was no brother to Madge.

She began frantically delving into her handbag, just as Madge had done in the old telescope back in the New York office. Finding what she sought, she opened the door noiselessly and tiptoed into the dining room. The table was uncleared, the chairs were pushed about. A large leather rocker, in keeping with the furnishings of the house, had been drawn up to the dying fire, and John rested in its depths. A look of sorrowful patience marked his relaxed features. Ruth noticed little patches of gray about his trimly cut hair.

"*Brother John,*" Ruth tried to appear calm, but her voice

shook over her recent discovery, "do you happen to have a copy of the Idaho laws, relative to divorce? Naturally, I have a desire to read that which concerns me—us—so vitally."

John Bennett jumped up with alacrity. "To hang with the statutes!" he cried with a happy, boyish grin. "It isn't true—there are no divorce proceedings. Ernest and Madge have gone to their own home by now. There wasn't a single word of that letter true. I suppose it was dreadful, writing my name to a deliberate falsehood, but I was getting desperate. Besides it was for our mutual benefit. I wanted you, and Madge seemed to have enough sense to know that this sort of scheme would rouse you to the coming back point. It was her plan, and I let her figure it all out."

"Do you mean that Madge doesn't need the wedding veil?" stammered the confused, bewildered Ruth.

"She doesn't need anything. She's got a fine husband, a good home. She reasoned that if she masqueraded as an ignorant, lethargic girl, with no ambitions or aspirations, it would stir you to make a fight for your happiness. If for nothing else, to save me from her. She knew if she didn't pretend she was stupid and dull, you'd be apt to accept what looked inevitable, and not come at all."

"Are we still married? Isn't this *her* house?" stammered the poiseless Ruth.

"I was beginning to wonder if you would ever come out of that room," answered John Bennett. "The Paines are refined people, seeking relief from an unnatural, citified life, just as I sought it. And they are making good. I've tried to help them over rough places, and they, in turn, have tried to make me less lonely. Because she is a real friend and neighbor, Madge Paine went to all that trouble, just to get you here. I wanted you, wife Ruth."

"You never said so, John," Ruth was all humility. "If you had only hinted, I would have come, long ago. I wanted to come."

"I couldn't ask you to *return*," John faced his wife with a look that was almost stern, "because I never sent you away. You left because you wanted to, you had to return the same way. But you don't know how I have wanted you—how lonesome it can get, even in God's great out-of-doors. You don't realize the hundreds of lonesome nights I've thought of you, what you were doing, wondering when you would feel the call to return."

"People can get lonesome, even in New York City, John," Ruth answered softly, stepping to the grate and dropping the torn fragments of her contract over the embers.

"Thank God for that!" muttered John Bennett huskily. He took a step nearer, held out his arms; big, strong, hungry arms, to his wife Ruth.

Not Understood

Thomas Bracken

Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life; and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go,
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood.

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they can not see;
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.

—*Journal of Education.*

Conference on Prevention of Causes of War

The following letter written to Mrs. Susa Young Gates, by Mrs Emma Ray McKay, is self-explanatory:

Liverpool, May 16, 1924.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

My dear Sister Gates: Your letter asking me to be a delegate to the International Convention of Women, at Wembly, came as a great surprise. I was delighted, though, and when a few days later a letter arrived from Lady Aberdeen inviting me very cordially to attend the convention, I wrote my acceptance.

I want to thank you for this wonderful opportunity; it far excelled my expectations. The talks were all worth while and most of them especially fine and well delivered.

An invitation has just been handed me to attend a reception given to "Overseas Visitors" at International House, Gower St., London. This would be another interesting experience, but I do not know whether I can make it.

The exhibition at Wembley is an excellent one, especially the exhibitions of Canada, Australia, and West Africa. We had not much time for sightseeing between meetings and rushed away immediately after the closing of the convention; but we had a hurried view of most of it and enjoyed every thing immensely.

In Durham House we are house-cleaning, papering, etc., with all their accompanying joys. A dry day has been looked for longingly that we might have our carpets beaten but not until today has the sun shone warmly. And even today the clouds had to loosen up a bit.

Again with many thanks for your kind thoughtfulness, I am,

Very lovingly,
Emma Ray McKay.

REPORT

During the week of May 2-8, 1924, the special Conference on Prevention of the Causes of War, organized by the International Council of Women in co-operation with the World Alliance for Promoting Friendship Through the Churches, The World's Young Woman's Christian Association, and the World's Christian Temperance Union, took place at the British Empire Exhibition, at Wembley, England, near London.

"This was intended as a call to women all over the world to

realize their power to remove the causes of war and to realize as well their personal responsibility in this matter."

The Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, who presided over this conference and who has attended many women's conventions, declared that she "knows no convention that has reached the high standard that this convention had reached."

The list of speakers included forty-eight eminent men and women from foreign lands. Among them were the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, President of the International Council of Women; Signora Chiaraviglio-Giolitti, delegate from the National Council of Italy; Dr. Nitobe, Assistant Secretary of the League of Nations; Dr. Rene Sand, Secretary General, League of Red Cross Societies; Baroness Mannerheim, President International Council of Nurses; Miss Cornelia Sorabji, representing India; Miss Christitch, representing Jugo-Slavokia; Madame Romniciano, Secretary, Union Mondiale de la Femme; Madame Avril de Ste. Croix, Vice-President, I. C. W.; Mlle. Mundt, International Labour Office; Mrs. Horace Parsons, Corresponding Secretary N. C. W. of Canada; Herr Adolf Kunz, Counsellor, Austrian Legation; Dr. Arthur Bestor, President of Chataugua, U. S. A.; Madame Clara Guthrie d'Arcis, President Union Mondiale de la Femme; Madame Malaterre-Sellier, Vice-President, Union Francaise pour le Suffrage des Femmes; Professor Gilbert Murray, M. A., Chairman, Executive Committee, League of Nations Union; Viscountess Astor, M. P.; The Rt. Rev., The Lord Bishop of Oxford; and a number of other prominent men and women representing various organizations, colleges, and universities throughout Great Britain.

The hall was decorated with the flags of all nations, each one attached to a background of blue—the dark blue representing the international idea. Above the flag was the word, "Pax," and above that was the "Dove of Peace." These flags stood all around the walls of the room and against the pillars as well. They were very impressive.

Much stress was laid upon the necessity of a better understanding among nations and upon suggestive ways and means whereby this may be accomplished. Some of the most important ways and means are these:

1st. "The interchange of students is one of the greatest means of preventing war," and in order that there may be interchange of many students, there should be a reduction of railway fare, passports made less expensive, living expenses reduced, and certificates and diplomas standardized.

2nd. There should be an interchange of post-graduates and international club houses where post-graduates may live, as, e. g., the Crosby House in London. The financial question is here

again the difficulty.

3rd. There should be interchange of teachers and professors of universities. This requires no money except traveling expenses because the teachers volunteer for one year. There are at present one hundred Canadian teachers in London.

4th. "We must acquire an international mind" that we may understand the language, customs, and religions of other peoples. "Ignorance of others brings arrogance and dislike, and dislike causes war." We must study individualities for the good of the whole.

5th. "Junior Red Cross with its international correspondence and Junior Magazines is one of the greatest assets of peace we have."

6th. "Peace can be established only on the basis of social justice."

7th. "The minds of people must be adjusted. There are misunderstandings due to economic causes, attainments of raw materials, investments, etc. Since people live in about the same way everywhere, there should be a standardization of living."

8th. "Drink is an international danger. Drink does not make for peace. We are going to stop war not by talking peace but by living peace. More money can be made by making grapes into raisins than by turning them into wine. Taverns in Great Britain are frequented by four thousand men a week. In twenty-five years the drink bills of the world would pay all the debts of the world."

9th. There should be an international plan whereby women might be helped all over the world especially in regard to the problem of their employment during the responsibility of motherhood. "All women want courage, happiness and safety."

10th. An international public health policy is necessary.

11th. "The failure of any nation to adopt humane conditions of labor is an obstacle in the way of other nations which desire to improve conditions in their own countries."

12th. "International agreement is needed against opium and drugs. In 1808, India and China decided to stop raising opium. India has kept its word. China did for a while but has now reverted to the raising of opium." There is need of a higher sense of honor among governments.

13th. "Treaties or agreements or obligations should be made known to the people where they are made and should be revised periodically."

14th. "The cost of armaments is the direct cause of war. Sixty per cent of our money is paid out for war services. The very existence of armament brings war." It is said that every war office on the globe is, however reluctantly, preparing for the

next world war, and that, while the war regime lasts, any international complication may precipitate it. It was further stated that the next world war will be appalling, immeasurably more destructive and more horrible than the last, paralyzing our civilization for perhaps centuries to come.

15th. "Prevention must be based on spiritual conception. Christianity is not a failure. Christianity has never been tried. Christianity as it has been used is like a man fighting in battle with one hand behind his back." We must walk in the light of the Lord, live up to the standards of the Christian church and be a community actuated by the idea of mutual service.

"Women may prevent war if they look into the causes of it, and in decency, kindness and honor put forth an effort to remove them. To know these causes, more light must be thrown upon legislation. Governments are inhuman and do many iniquities in the dark. Light should penetrate the dark places. If women were told more, they would understand more and accomplish more."

"Women must travel to get an intimate knowledge of the rivalries and jealousies of people. Young women should use their university training for commerce, trade and finance to help settle economic disputes."

"Mothers must think peace, talk peace, and teach peace to their children by not buying guns, cannons, soldiers and other war playthings, but playthings that will encourage thoughts of peace. There is virtue in thinking good things, there is degradation in thinking evil things."

"Women must stand up for an international court of justice and join hands to erect the stronghold of peace."

I have given this brief summary merely to give an idea of the trend of the subjects treated at the thirteen sessions of the convention. Later, I hope to send you a verbatim copy of the addresses given. I attended every session but one, conference at Birmingham preventing me from being present at the public meeting. I enjoyed every meeting. The addresses were excellent, uplifting and highly instructive.

With one thing I am more deeply impressed than ever; and that is the potency and power of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to deal successfully with the great problems presented for solution by these leaders of world organizations. A number of them we have already solved or are solving them. Take for example the interchange of study and interchange of peoples. What better opportunity for studying languages, customs and ideas of peoples can be found than that afforded by our missionary system! Our young men go to all parts of the world. They harbor no prejudices, they hate no people, they have no

selfish ends to serve. They go in love and thereby engender love.

So we might apply our social system free from class distinction; and our economic system, so full of opportunities and avenues for mutual service. Really, the only real solution of the problems in the minds of many of the speakers lies in the acceptance of nations and individuals of the Christ principles.

As one of the speakers said, "We must think peace, speak peace, and teach peace, to our children. We must fire the children with the belief in the greatness of their destiny, in being the generation that will cause wars to cease, by making effective the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, between nations as between individuals."

The Henry Car

Samuel Biddulph

Note: After watching a lady learn to drive.

She leaps and bounds with a tireless strength,
She speeds to scenes afar;
This combination of Matter and Force,
This thing called a Henry Car.

Now see her respond to the press of a foot;
The touch of a guiding hand;
She swerves and turns on the winding road
And obeys each terse command.

O see her bound with renewing force,
Or retard as the brake is applied;
How she pants and leaps up the rugged hill
Then down with a graceful glide.

Now what would become of this Henry Car
Renewed by this force so blind,
Were it not for the touch of that guiding hand
Controlled by a human mind.

Then tell me not, this world by chance
Speeds out through space afar,
When it takes the power of mind divine
To control this Henry Car.

MRS. ISABELL WARDELL WRIGHT AND DAUGHTERS

Isabell Wardell Wright

Isabel Wardell Wright was born November 29, 1849, in Piddenton Row, Durham County, England. Her father was a ship builder and was sent to America to build boats in 1851. Mother Wright was only three years of age at this time. She lived in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, at which place all the family joined the Church, emigrating to Utah in 1859. They are of the group who crossed the plains with ox teams.

In 1864 Isabel Wardell married John P. Wright, a tailor by trade. They settled in Mill Creek, which has been the family home ever since.

Mother Wright had fourteen children, eleven girls and three boys, all born in Mill Creek. Of this family, eight daughters and three sons are still living. These eleven children have all been married from the old homestead in Mill Creek.

Mother Wright was an active worker in the Relief Society for over forty years, and the eight daughters are following their noble mother's example by serving in the organizations of the Church.

These daughters, whose photographs we are very pleased to print, with the mother in front, are respectively; Mrs. E. W. Zenger, Farmington; Mrs. H. J. Debenham, East Mill Creek; Mrs. J. S. Riley, Garfield. Mrs. John W. Saunders, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Fred Furrow, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Ern Stewart, McGill, Nevada; Mrs. Harley Ross, Murray, Nevada; and Mrs. Wm. Byrum, Ucon, Idaho.

When the Alien Needs a Friend

Once again a club woman has stepped from the ranks of altruism to a paid job in State government administration. Mrs. Lillian R. Sire, for many years president of the Society for the Aid of Mental Defectives, that supports a clinic at the Post Graduate Hospital under Dr. Max G. Schlapp, has been appointed Director of the Division of Aliens of the State Department of Labor. Mrs. Sire is a glowing young person, who brings the same directness and clarity of vision to a real job which has been manifest in all her club relations. In federation conventions, when she takes the floor in a discussion, she has a voice that carries,

and English that expresses what she has to say in no uncertain manner.

"I feel that my twenty years of work among the troubled and less gifted of our fellow mortals has been preparing me for the work I have now undertaken," she said in an interview at Hotel Wellington, where she lives, "and although I only received my appointment on the day following New Year's, I am rapidly grasping its needs and the possibilities for service in my office. My work is that of adjustng the misunderstandings of the people who have come to our shores and who are victimized and misunderstood.

"Oftentimes these aliens cheat and victimize each other. So every day I hold informal court. It is my business to get both sides of the story. If the problem will possibly lend itself to adjustment, together we work it out. If one side is obdurate then it must go to the magistrate, and I am present at the hearing.

"It is a motherly kind of work that appeals to all women. My office is quite generally known among the aliens, and when even it is so simple a matter as a housemaid's unpaid wage, it soon straightens when the white light of justice and informal application of law become features of the situation.

"It is also an excellent opportunity for Americanization work in which I have for many years been actively interested. I have learned by experience the attitude of mind of our prospective citizens, and by means of an interpreter, it is not difficult for me to ferret out the false note when there is one, and to recognize sincerity.

"My course of law in the woman's law class of the New York University is also of greatest advantage, and it seems as if the experiences of my life have all led up to this present opportunity to serve as a citizen in this work as Director of the Divisions of Aliens of the State Department of Labor.

"All lodging houses for Aliens in this city, as well as in the State, come under my department and receive their licenses there. The rights and wrongs of the lodgers are subject to my office, and in that way the magistrate is saved much unnecessary labor."

Less than fifty years ago in the city of Boston, when the School Board consisted of twenty-four members, selected by wards, three women of high social and civic prominence were elected to serve on the School Board, but they could not serve because the law specified that men only were entitled to serve on the School Board. It required special legislation to confer that privilege.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

PROGRAM OF AUXILIARY GROUP CONVENTIONS FOR 1924

(To be held in connection with the regular quarterly conferences)

	Dates
July	19-20—Woodruff, Yellowstone.
July	26-27—Curlew, Lost River, Raft River, Snowflake.
August	2- 3—Alberta, Emery, St. Johns, Teton.
August	5- 6—Lethbridge.
August	9-10—Bannock, Blaine, Shelley, South Sevier, Taylor, Wayne.
August	16-17—Big Horn, Blackfoot, Oneida.
August	23-24—Bear River, Idaho.
August	30-31—Bear Lake, Garfield, San Juan.
September	2- 3—Panguitch, Young.
September	6- 7—Kanab, San Luis.
September	13-14—Bosie, Montpelier, Parowan, Twin Falls Minidoka.
September	20-21—Duchesne, Millard, North Sanpete, St. George, Star Valley, Union.
September	23-24—Roosevelt.
September	27-28—Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, Hyrum, Morgan, Sevier, Uintah.
October	11-12—Beaver, Benson, Cassia, North Sevier, Tintic.
October	18-19—Summit, Tooele, Wasatch.
October	25-26—Maricopa.
October	28-29—Juarez.
November	1- 2—St. Joseph.
November	8- 9—Burley, Malad, Los Angeles.
November	15-16—Bingham, Juab.
November	22-23—Pocatello, Portneuf, Rigby, South Sanpete.
November	29-30—Franklin, Gunnison, Moapa.

Conventions separate from the quarterly conferences are to be held in the following stakes, the dates to be given later in a separate program: Alpine, Box Elder, Cache, Cottonwood, Ensign, Granite, Grant, Jordan, Liberty, Logan, Mt. Ogden, Nebo, North Davis, North Weber, Ogden, Oquirrh, Pioneer, Salt Lake, South Davis, Utah, Weber.

Time of Meetings

Saturday

10 a. m. to 12 noon—Joint Meeting, Auxiliary Stake Board

Workers, with General Board Representatives, the Stake Presidency, High Council, Alternates, and Bishoprics to be present.
Public Meeting.

2 to 4 p. m. —Relief Society Stake and Ward Officers Meeting
Sunday School Stake Board Meeting.
M. I. A. Joint Stake Board and Separate Stake Board Meetings.
Primary Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting with the public invited.

4:15 to 5:30 p. m. —Separate interviews of the General Representatives with their respective stake superintendencies or presidencies including secretaries.

Evening Session —Public meeting devoted to the work of the Relief Society and M. I. A.

Sunday

10 a. m. to 12 noon—Relief Society Stake Board Meeting.
Sunday School Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting, with public invited.
Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting.
Y. L. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting.
Primary Stake Board Meeting.

2 p. m. —General Conference Session.

Evening Session —Conjoint Meeting of Y. M. M. I. A. and Y. L. M. I. A.

PROGRAM FOR RELIEF SOCIETY MEETINGS

(Including the Joint Stake Board Meeting)

Joint Meeting of Auxiliary Stake Board Workers With General Board Representatives, the Stake Presidency, High Council, Alternates, and Bishoprics Being Invited

I. Song.
II. Prayer
III. Demonstration—The Organization of Lesson Material 50 minutes.....
.....Conducted by a General Representative.
IV. Stake Board Activities:
a. Union Meetings.....10 minute address
.....A General Representative
1. Purpose.
2. Suggestive order of business.

b. Stake Board Visits.....10 minute address
.....A General Representative
1. Purpose.
2. Methods.

V. Round Table Discussion of the Following Topics:
a. Relation of the Auxiliary Stake Boards to Stake and Ward Priesthood authorities.
b. Steps in the installation of a new administration.
c. The effect of change of administration on Board membership.
d. Duplication of offices.
e. Teacher training.
f. Recreation.
g. Meetings of auxiliary executives.
h. Contributions and collections.

VI. Benediction.

SATURDAY, 2 TO 4 P. M.

Meeting of Relief Society Stake and Ward Officers, Including Visiting Teachers and Class Leaders, Bishops Being Invited

I. Suggestions and Outlines for Ward Conferences.
II. Membership in the Relief Society.
III. Cooperation between Bishop and Relief Society Ward President.
IV. Studying Family Situations.
V. Responsibility of Relief Society Welfare Workers. (These topics will be treated by a Representative of the General Board.)
VI. Questionnaire.

SATURDAY EVENING

(Hour to be fixed by Stake Presidency)

PUBLIC MEETING

(Under direction of Stake Presidency)

Devoted to the Work of the Relief Society and M. I. A., Relief Society and M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers to be Present

I. Ladies' Chorus.....Members of Relief Society
II. The Relief Society Message.....a 30 minute demonstration.
a. Motherhood.
b. Conservation of Child.
c. Conservation of Family.
III. Stake M. I. A. Song.....Assembly
IV. M. I. A. Leisure Time Activities for Ward Social Center
.....a 30 minute demonstration

V. Recreation in the Home.....a 30 minute demonstration.
VI. Mixed Double Quartet.....Members of the M. I. A.
(The above program will be prepared by Stake workers in accordance with plans that will be submitted by the respective General Boards.)

SUNDAY, 10 A. M. TO 12 NOON

Meeting of Relief Society Stake Board Members

I. The Stake Board Meeting.
II. Qualifications and Duties of Stake Officers and Board Members.
III. The Conduct of Ward Relief Society Meetings.
IV. Affiliation with National and International Councils of Women.
V. Questionnaire.
(These topics will be treated by a representative of the General Board.)

European Mission.

Very interesting letters have been received at Relief Society headquarters from the European Mission, expressing appreciation and thanks for the carloads of clothing sent to this mission during the past winter. In addition to a letter from Mrs. Emma Ray McKay, to the General Board, and a letter from President David O. Mckay, to the First Presidency of the Church, there are letters from several branch Relief Societies, including Frankfurt, Hamburg, Lubeck. Our readers will be interested in the letters from President and Mrs. McKay, which we print in full:

"*Dear Brethren*: Fourteen crates of shoes and seventy-two bales of clothing have been delivered here at Durham House free of charge, excepting dock charges, customs duties, etc., which we may probably have refunded.

"The Leyland Steamship Line, part of the White Star Steamship Line, brought the freight gratuitously from New York to Liverpool, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, also gratuitously furnished drays and draymen to cart the 21,640 pounds from the docks to Edge Lane.

"In behalf of the Elders and Saints of the British Mission permit me to thank you and, through you, all those who have in any way contributed, either of their time or means, to this magnificent gift to the poor in this land. Only those who have had to help handle these scores of two-hundred-weight bales and from two hundred to nine hundred pound crates can realize what a stupendous undertaking it was to ship three car loads of shoes, clothing, etc., from Salt Lake City to Europe.

"All praise to the Relief Society and to all other members

of the Church and friends who have participated in this philanthropic work. In this expression of praise and appreciation, the railroads and steamship companies share.

"There is a special meeting of conference Presidents of the British Mission in London, April 5, at which the final distribution of the clothing will be made to the different branches throughout Great Britain.

"The ready response to a call for help, the united effort in a worthy cause, the masterful manner in handling many tons of goods at a minimum of expense, the organization already at hand to give the gifts to those for whom they are intended—all this is simply another demonstration of the effective working of the social phase of the Church of Christ. It brings salvation and peace here and now. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Affectionately yours,
(Signed) David O. McKay."

"*Dear Sisters of the General Board*: Two or three days ago, when four truck loads of clothing and shoes were brought to Durham House, our hearts rejoiced; for we knew what a blessing the articles will be to many of our Saints here in the British Isles. One of the presidents of conferences to whom I gave the information of this gift from our beloved sisters at home, said, with tears in his eyes, 'I shall be very glad when the articles come as they are needed badly in our part of the mission.' Undoubtedly all the other presidents feel the same. No one except those who have helped can realize the work of sending such an immense amount of clothing as has been received here. God bless our Utah women for this magnificent contribution.

"Equally acceptable, if not more so, even than the clothing, is the check of $388.04 received today. Money is needed for food for our old people throughout the mission. We wish to thank everyone, the men as well as the women, who have helped to pack and handle the heavy loads preparatory for shipment.

"Most of our Relief Societies in the European Mission are doing good work and trying to the best of their ability to carry out the wishes of the General Board. Much stress has been laid this past year, first, on the proper handling of funds; secondly, on the government of the society; and thirdly, on the study of the *Magazine*, and various minor points. All through the British Isles the Relief Societies are doing very commendable work, raising funds for the needy by means of sewing, bazaars, and entertainments, and except in three or four conferences, are studying lessons from the *Magazine*.

"Recently the North London and South London Relief Societies united and gave what has been pronounced to have been one of the most unique socials ever given in London. This was

done in commemoration of the seventeenth of March. This interesting entertainment which consisted of a sort of pageant, representing the journey of the 'Mormon' pioneers across the plains, and their entry into the valley, was given under the direction of Sister Katherine Wright, Wife of Joseph E. Wright, President of the London conference. Several covered wagons decorated with the paraphernalia illustrating the pioneers' traveling across the plains, were set up in the hall, forming a circle and everything arranged like a camp on the plains. The Saints were divided into companies with one of the brethren at the head of

each. Elders were dressed up to represent President Brigham Young, Elders Orson Pratt, Heber C. Kimball, William Clayton, and other Church Leaders, who were in charge of the companies. All this was most impressive to these people who had not seen the like before. The difficult part for them to understand was the cheerfulness portrayed. Some felt it to be sacrilege to act in a smiling manner, until it was explained that cheerfulness was a characteristic of the Saints even under the most adverse circumstances.

"Many calls have been made from women in Germany for lessons, and thinking that the lessons in the *Magazine* at present are a bit difficult to begin with, we selected thirty-six lessons from the *Magazines* of 1921 and 1922, and two capable elders, William A. Monson and C. Kenneth Schade, worked on the typewriter fifteen days, typing these lessons for Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Armenia.

"President Tadje of Germany has had the lessons translated by Brother Jean Wunderlich, and Brother McKay reports from his visit there that the sisters are taking up the lessons with great energy and delight. The whooping cough siege of our children prevented my visiting the conferences this time through Germany, but from the few statistics gleaned from Brother McKay's reports, you will know the Relief Society is becoming an important factor in that part of the world. While these statistics relate only to the attendance, I am pleased to say that in other respects as well, they are doing excellent work and are following the printed suggestions sent over to them. In the Steindamm branch the membership of the Relief Society is thirty, with an average attendance of fifty-five. The Centrum Relief Society in Berlin has a membership of ninety-two, with an average weekly attendance of sixty. The Ost Relief Society has a membership of forty-seven, average attendance of forty-three. The Moabite Society, membership sixty-eight, average weekly attendance, sixty-five. The Spandau Branch has a total membership of only eighty-two, but the Relief Society enrollment is twenty-two, with an average weekly attendance of sixteen. And so I might go on, but this will suffice to show that many of the women of the Church in Germany are attending Relief Society.

"One of the best societies visited this last year was the one in Copenhagen. Everything except our *Magazine* work, which the president had not then received, was strictly up to date. Lessons were studied, prayer meeting observed, every family visited monthly by teachers, sick and needy cared for, and over two hundred dollars in the treasury. A beautiful spirit for receiving any new, good suggestion was very manifest.

"I was delighted also with our visit to Aleppo, Armenia. To see the way President Booth has trained the women to do Relief Society work was a joy. Although naturally timid and backward, every woman can get up and talk to a text from ten to twenty minutes; they sing our songs in English without books and without knowing the English language; they make clothing for the needy and help care for the sick; teachers make weekly visits, and all are studying the *Magazine* through the kindness of Brother Booth's translation. After hearing those women talk, I felt that there is no excuse for any one of our women, either here or at home to refuse to arise to her feet and try to express herself. It was an inspiring lesson. The Relief Society meeting was held in a room decorated for Christmas. for the conference began on the Armenian Christmas day, the 19th of January. Stretched on the wall opposite the entrance, was a nine-by-twelve hand-woven rug which belongs to one of the sisters. Above the rug were pencil drawing of the Prophet Joseph Smith, of the Angel Moroni, and

the Salt Lake temple. These were done by a designer of carpet patterns and were very beautiful. Two American flags were pinned on the carpet. On each side of the rostrum were two decorated Christmas trees. The floors were covered with hand-made rugs upon which the people sat in their stocking feet. These people are very loving and emotional and a person visiting them is loath to leave.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed 'Emma Ray McKay.'"

Pioneer Stake.

One of the most charmingly appointed banquets held in connection with the anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society, was that given in Pioneer stake in joint honor of the Society's birthday and the twentieth anniversary of the organization of Pioneer stake. The banquet was held in the stake hall, which was resplendent with potted plants and tastefully decorated in green and white. The guests were seated at long tables arranged in the annex, which bore crystal baskets of white carnations and green foliage, with silver candlesticks, green candles, place-cards and napkins, carrying out the unique color scheme. At each place was an individual birthday cake, in miniature, whose candles were lighted, with the hall darkened. During the progress of the banquet music was dispensed by a select orchestra. Mrs. Emily C. Willey of the stake Relief Society presidency was toastmistress and under her intelligent direction toasts were responded to by a number of those present. Mrs. Mary A. Cutler, president, gave the address of welcome. Special guests of honor were the stake presidency, members of the High Council, officers of the auxiliary organizations and members of the General Board, including President Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Louise Y. Robinson, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman and their husbands. Following the banquet there was a musical program under the direction of Mrs. Mabel Poulton Kirk and community singing, games, etc., led by Miss Charlotte Stewart.

Salt Lake Stake.

On Tuesday, March 18th the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society celebrated the 17th of March anniversary, by giving a social in the Twenty-second ward chapel, which was attended by six hundred Relief Society women. A spicy program was given, consisting of character sketches, readings, and musical numbers, by twelve wards of the stake, and the Relief Society stake choir. A splendid luncheon was served.

Mexican Mission.

On the 19th of March, the El Paso Branch of the Mexican Relief Society, celebrated the 82nd anniversary of the Relief Society at the Mexican Mission Home, 3531 Ft. Boulevard, El

Paso, Texas. The rooms were attractively decorated in red, white, and green, the colors of the Mexican flag. Pretty baskets of sweet peas and jonquils also adorned the rooms. A very fine program was arranged. Musical numbers were given by the native sisters and missionaries. Addresses were also made by the native sisters on the lives of the five former presidents of the Society. Sister Rey L. Pratt, president of the Mexican Mission Relief Societies, then gave a summary of the work of these noble characters. President J. A. Balderas of the El Paso branch of the Mexican Mission, gave a toast to the Society, and encouraged the members in their good work. After the program, refreshments were served. Sixty-five people were present.

Maricopa Stake.

An all-day celebration of the Relief Society anniversary was held in Mesa, Arizona, attended by two hundred thirty women from the four Mesa wards. A fine program was rendered, beginning at 10:30; lunch was served at noon, which was furnished by the wards and a program was given in the afternoon by stake officers. Prizes were given for various activities. There were seven sisters present over eighty years of age, sixteen over seventy, and a great many between sixty and seventy. White, blue and red badges were pinned upon them. A leap year party or dance at night finished the very successful day. Phoenix, Chandler, Gilbert and Pine observed the day in their respective wards.

Juab Stake.

The Juab Stake Relief Society observed the annual day in a very fitting way. A dance was given at which refreshments were served to a very large crowd, and during the evening the Glee Club men from the A. C. sang two numbers and a very enjoyable time was had. On Tuesday in each of the wards a special program was given, including papers on the organization.

Guide Lessons for October

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

THE PARABLES OF THE SAVIOR (Continued)

The Good Shepherd—John 10:1-16.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

"But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

"To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

"And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

"This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

"Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

"And all that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

"The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

"But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

"The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

"As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

In this parable the Savior declares himself to be the only

savior of mankind. He sets forth the importance of interest in the individual as well as in the group, and he illustrates the superiority of gratuitous service. In the Orient the flocks are small, and each sheep is given a name to which the sheep responds when called. The shepherd is more than a sheep herder; he goes ahead of his flock leading them "into green pastures," instead of driving them as is the custom in the West. There naturally grows up an attachment between the shepherd and each member of the flock, which transcends the mercenary interests of a flock owner, be his possessions ever so numerous. The good shepherd was a fitting illustration of a man of mercy and sacrifice. Those to whom Jesus spoke this parable knew what it was to be a good shepherd and so he made their interest in tending sheep the point of contact to which he brought himself as the Good Shepherd of the race, who loved to the extent of laying down his life for each individual.

Everyone may know that without the Christ mission, with its love, its teachings, and its sacrifice, no individual can escape the approach of the wolf selfishness and the devouring of the soul by greed.

Without the Christ there may be existence, but without him there cannot be life: because life, spiritual life, means light, liberty and love. And this is what he meant when he said, "I am come that they might have life, and that more abundantly."

The good shepherd led his sheep high into the mountains where the feed was abundant; the hireling was content to let them browse on the moor. So the ideality of Christ leads mankind to the higher life, the abundance of happiness which is everlasting; a life which gets more out of giving than receiving; a life that looks upon gratuitous service as the service which is twice blessed, blessing both the servant and the served, but the servant most by making him the recipient of an everlasting, ever-increasing reward, the reward of being more rather than the reward of having more, becoming like him who said, "I am the good shepherd."

The Parable of the Lost Sheep—Matt. 18:12-14; Luke 15:3-7.

"How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?

"And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, then of the ninety and nine which went not astray." Matt. 18:12-14.

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

"And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

"And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." Luke 15:4-7.

It is said that Jesus spoke this parable to rebuke the Pharisees who complained that the Savior received sinners and ate with them; but he evidently had a greater purpose than such a temporary one: he was teaching the importance of reclaiming the lost, calling back those who stray away. In the parable of the Prodigal Son it was made plain that the first step towards reclamation is forgiveness. In the parable of the lost sheep forgiveness is taken for granted: the man seeking the wanderer from the flock, thinks only of finding and bringing back the lost sheep. He leaves the ninety and nine not because they are of less value than the one, but because the one has more need of him than the ninety and nine. Here, as in the parable of the good shepherd, the Savior emphasizes the importance of centralizing interest and effort on the individual.

The exquisiteness of the joy of repossessing is the result of Nature's attempt at compensation. In it there is a partial pay for the pain coming from the consciousness of having lost something. In paragraph seven the ninety and nine just persons referred to are the self-righteous persons, those who in their own estimation are so good that a thing is right merely because they do it. These are the persons upon whom repentance has no claim, and the Savior made it clear that one honest repentant sinner was a source of more joy in heaven than ninety-nine unrepentant, self-righteous people.

The Parable of the Lost Money—Luke 15:8-10.

"Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

"And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost."

Here again the Savior teaches the importance of reclaiming the sinner and illustrates the effectiveness of making the reclamation the center of Christ's interest and the chief objective of one's efforts.

The ten pieces of silver were the ten coins of silver that formed the necklace of a married woman. The absence of one of these coins was a reproach whether by misfortune or by wilfulness until the coin was found and the set completed. There was cause for sorrow and distress. On the completeness of the set of coins depended the completeness of the happiness of the woman and so, on the completeness of the family circle in a measure depends the happiness of the family. But the big point in this parable is the necessity and value of reclaiming the wayward so that

one may say even to the persistent wrong doer: "How often would I have reclaimed you, but ye would not."

In the parable, the woman lights a candle to aid her in the search; she sweeps. In reclaiming the wayward there must be light, the best light we can obtain, the light that comes from study, and by faith.

There must be labor, the labor of humility, the labor that brings into activity every means within our reach. We must sweep with society, that is, reach out and down into the very slums of society for the erring ones, and with a reach that is at once individual and institutional.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Distinguish between the righteousness spoken of in Matt. 6:33 and the self-righteousness of the Pharisees that brought forth the parable of the "Lost Sheep" and of the "Lost Piece of Money."

2. To what kind of people did Jesus refer in speaking of the "ninety and nine that need no repentance?"

3. Discuss the relative value of waiting for people to reform and of helping them to reform.

4. How does the parable of the "Lost Piece of Money" show that we should leave nothing undone that can be done for the reclamation of the wayward?

5. Wherein does the parable of the "Lost Piece of Money" teach that reclamation of the wayward is essential to complete happiness?

6. Discuss the thought: The abundance of joy coming from the reformation of the wrong-doer is compensative for the sorrow occasioned by the conduct of the transgressor.

7. Compare sinning in order to reform with getting ill for the sake of getting well, or maiming oneself for the joy of being "patched up."

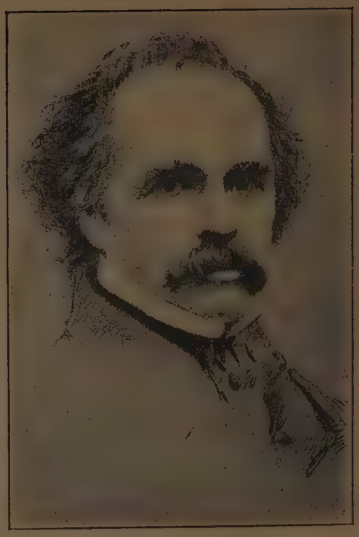
8. Show the perniciousness, or the "damnableness," of the expectation that sin will make a holiday in heaven, or the doctrine of "Sinning to make a holiday in heaven."

9. In the light of Christ's warnings against sin and in the light of his sinless life, is it orthodoxy or heterodoxy to teach that the road through hades to heaven is the one that leads to the highest joy?

10. Show how the parable of "The Lost Sheep" and the "Lost Piece of Money" are still a rebuke to the haughty and are encouragement to the humble.

Work and Business

(Second Week in October)



Literature

(Third Week in October)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

This lesson will deal, in the main, with Salem, the place of Hawthorne's birth, and with biographical material. A second lesson will follow giving material concerning his works.

Some writers contend that the city of Salem is chiefly notable on account of being the birthplace of Hawthorne, and yet others value it on account of the hanging of the witches. The Salem people would, no doubt, gladly detatch themselves from these stories of witches, but they are helpless in their desires, for even though history should disregard the whole unfortunate affair, Hawthorne has embalmed it in his famous novels. It is related that recently the city of Salem indulged in a pageant, and that the children from the Gallows Hill district paraded, dressed as little witches. At the court house in Salem some ancient witchcraft mementos are preserved, including some "witch pins" that figured in the evidence, also a curious death warrant that directed the sheriff to hang one of the witches until "dead and buried."

Hawthorne was born on July 4, 1804, at 27 Union Street. The house is still preserved. It is not an attractive house in any way, situated as it is in a faded quarter of the town, which was never of the best. William Hawthorne was the name of the ancestor who sailed, at the age of twenty-three, from England on

the same ship with John Winthrop. John Hawthorne, a son of William, was the judge who figured to no small extent in the ill-starred trials of the witches. Of these two persons Hawthorne writes, "I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable-cloaked and steeple-crowned progenitor,—who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trode the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure, as a man of war and peace. * * * His son, too, inherited the persecuting spirit."

Hawthorne thought a good deal about this unpleasant family connection, and wrote that this judge of the second generation "made himself so conspicuous in the martyrdom of the witches, that their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain upon him. * * * I, the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed."

"Hawthorne lived in Salem in several different houses in turn, and in one of these houses, the house on Herbert Street, where he lived as a boy and as a young man, and twice at different periods afterwards, he wrote, in 1840, 'If ever I should have a biographer he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because here my mind and character were formed. By and by, the world found me out in my lonely chamber;' and it was of this Herbert Street house that he wrote, 'In this dismal chamber Fame was won.'"

The author was the sixth in descent from the first New England ancestor and the first to add a "w" to his name. His father was a sea captain who died of a fever in a foreign port when the child was four years of age. Hawthorne's mother was twenty-seven years old at this time, and for forty years after this sad event she is said to have taken her meals all alone, apart from her three children. Everybody in that house became accustomed to loneliness. At the age of fourteen, the boy went to live for a while on the shores of Sebago Lake, Maine. "I lived in Maine," he said, "like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed; but it was there I got my first habit of solitude." Some relief was given to this atmosphere of sorrow, so permanent in the household, by the boy's two sisters and his indulgent uncles and aunts. He tended his pets and rambled and read, and seems to have enjoyed life much as other boys do. He was very shy and very much embarrassed at meeting people. His solitariness predisposed him to reading, and we are told that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and Shakespeare's plays were special favorites. The first was rather unfortunate for a boy of his temperament,

as gloom was already too much of his inheritance and environment. Spenser's *Faery Queen* was the first book he bought with his own money. The allegory and romance in the poem seem to have taken a real hold of him, for he named his daughter Una after one of Spenser's allegorical heroines, and following a still further suggestion in the *Faery Queen* called the large cat that came to be her playmate, *Lion*. Hawthorne stands in a double relation to the Puritan spirit of his ancestors and birthplace. Sprung from a Puritan ancestry, he inherits and shares certain Puritan traits, yet in manhood he had outgrown its intolerance and severity; consequently he paints the picture of Puritan life, on the one hand, with a realism and exactness with which it has seldom been painted; and, on the other hand, he expresses the deepest revulsion against the intolerance and reactionary forces of that life.

Mr. Pancoast, in speaking of this matter, says: "When we regard Hawthorne as an inheritor of the past, we see how deeply his life and character are rooted in his native soil. For generations the family had lived in Salem, a spot which seemed the very heart of New England Puritanism." Nearly all his boyhood and a part of his later years were spent in that old home of his ancestors, and his brooding and keenly sensitive nature was thus forced into contact with the melancholy memories of its past. He realized all the shortcomings of colonial Puritanism and portrayed its "grim rigidity" with unsparing severity. Yet we must not think this picture had no bright side.

Salem, like the cities of Boston and Philadelphia, has a Chestnut street. A very well informed writer on this subject assures us "that there can be no possible appreciation of Salem without going from end to end of Chestnut street. It is in itself remarkably American. Among the most interesting streets of America are Chestnut street of Salem, Chestnut street of Boston, Chestnut street of Philadelphia; and each of these has justly been deemed a street with much old American charm of architecture, each has been a stronghold of aristocratic living, each has still much of the flavor of the past, each is a street of houses of beauty and good taste, and all these three Chestnut streets still preserve a great degree of their original felicitousness, even though a greater part of the Chestnut street of Philadelphia has lapsed into business. Salem is strong in the belief that of the other Chestnut streets, its own has always been the best. That is no small thing to say of the best street of a little city like Salem. These houses on Chestnut street were built in the first quarter of the 1800's by the rich merchants of that period, so that we have not only a superb line of mansions well kept up, but also the most superb line of huge trees that over-arch the entire length

of the street, the houses themselves being just far enough back from the sidewalk line to permit of the complete rounding of the shapes of the trees."

At seventeen Hawthorne was ready for Bowdoin and started out from Boston in the old-fashioned stage-coach, a slender, bright-eyed lad, with clustering dark hair, to seek that somewhat primitive well of knowledge. He had Longfellow for a classmate and Franklin Pierce for a friend, but seems to have given his confidence most freely to Horatio Bridge, who predicted great things for him.

"Our mortal dependence upon bread and butter," says Katharine Lee Bates, "led Hawthorne to engage for a brief period in hackwork for *Peter Parley*, and at rare intervals one of his tales filled some modest corner of a magazine or annual, but, in the main, he lived in his haunted chamber, from '21-'33, 'the most obscure man of letters in America.' His Bowdoin mates were well-advanced on the trodden ways of the world, variously successful in politics, business, and the professions; Longfellow had taken a Harvard chair; but Hawthorne had nothing to show for his hidden life save the first series of *Twice-Told Tales*."

"He was thirty-eight years old, with little sign of worldly wealth, when he brought the happiest of brides to Concord, where they proceeded to add another lustre to the memories of the Old Manse. 'Nobody but we ever knew what it is to be married,' wrote the new Adam to the new Eve, and out of the heart of his happiness he looked back upon that dreary chamber in Salem with more than content."

"Three years he served in the Custom House, his imagination all the while 'a tarnished mirror,' and when the political pendulum swung the Whigs again into office, they did better than they meant in turning Hawthorne out. The discharged Surveyor of Customs wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, which called forth, from the public hitherto so indifferent to his work, an instantaneous acclaim that was not to die away. At forty-six, after twenty-five years of striving, he had won fame."

The House of Seven Gables, Blithdale Romance, Our Own Home, The Marble Fawn followed in due course of time. In 1860 he was abroad writing his much famed *Marble Fawn*.

The residence abroad, just mentioned, began when Hawthorne had been only a year at "The Wayside," his new Concord home; and the occasion of it was his appointment by President Pierce, his old college mate, as consul at Liverpool. He held the post the full term of four years, but was by no means a shining success in England. Being of an unsociable, retiring disposition, he met very few literary men of high rank.

Hawthorne reached Concord, in June, 1860, on the eve of

the war, was cordially received by the villagers, and appeared to be more interested in them than formerly. His health showed signs of breaking. Early in 1864, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes advised Hawthorne to take a quiet tour, though neither physician nor patient had any confidence in the outcome. On this tour Hawthorne started with Pierce as companion. The end came in Plymouth, New Hampshire, where they had stopped for the night. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Name other trees than the Chestnut tree that reminds one of New England.
2. What trait of human nature was responsible for the hanging of the witches?
3. Tell the story of *The Scarlet Letter*.
4. Wherein is the spirit of intolerance made manifest in this story?
5. Which article of Faith of Latter-day Saints argues for tolerance?
6. Give an illustration of tolerance bearing desirable fruit.

Social Service

LESSON IV

(Fourth Week in October)

Social Aspects of a Community Health Program

The significance of health cannot be overemphasized in studying the problems of social adjustment. The degree of health enjoyed by an individual controls in a large measure his success and happiness. An individual's economic status, his attitude toward the other problems of living, are all influenced by his state of well-being.

Ill health is very often the underlying factor of other social pathology. Sickness, or a low degree of physical vigor, may be the cause of an unsatisfactory employment record, of bad housekeeping, of the neglect of children, and of the more subtle undermining influences of family life—morbidness, apathy, and discouragement.

Beacuse of the increasing realization of the significance of physical well-being, communities everywhere are undertaking certain definite responsibilities for the protection and preservation of health.

The first responsibility that communities generally assume is that of a protective nature—quarantining individuals with communicable diseases, and supervising the water supply. Later de-

velopments of public health protection are the inspection and supervision of the milk supply, of public eating houses, of the disposal of refuse, etc.

Invaluable and fundamental as these protective measures are, they are only a first step in a thorough community health program. Very soon, in any social group, there develops a sense of responsibility for the care and comfort of those who are ill. Consequently, some facilities are usually created for the care of the sick; physicians, nurses, and hospitals are made available, not only for those who can easily afford medical service, but for those whose incomes cannot cover such items as expensive medical care.

In the last few decades public interest in health has been extended even further. Two developments, both dependent on social treatment, have marked a change in conception of the community towards the health standards of its members.

The first of these comparatively new trends has been the understanding and treatment of undesirable social conditions that impair the patient's chances for recovery, or that contributes to ill health. A physician may prescribe braces, or glasses, or special diet for a child, but unless there are community facilities for providing this treatment, some children will suffer because of the family's inability to follow the physician's advice. The bread-winner of a family may be told by the physicians to take a long period of rest, but unless some social agency is willing to assume a financial and supervisory interest, the physician's advice, in many cases, must be ignored. Financial help and an encouraging friend are as essential as the actual medical advice in achieving certain recoveries.

The second development in a community health program is based on a changing emphasis in the medical profession. The physician no longer feels that his only function is to treat those who are ill. It is much better economy to preserve health than to restore it when broken. So frequent physical examinations are advised, not only for the sick, but for those who are apparently well. The early detection of abnormalities makes the treatment simpler and increases the possibility of a complete recovery.

This increased emphasis on the preservation of health has led to several movements to spread medical education. The lessons of personal hygienic care, the need of proper and sufficient diet, rest and exercise, etc., is being more generally taught by phyisicians and educational institutions. School children are weighed and measured, regularly, and are early instructed in hygiene. Mothers are sought out by public nurses or are urged to attend health stations, so that infants and pre-school children may be examined and thus abnormalities corrected.

The program of health preservation is as much a social function as a medical one. The existence of a health examination clinic, for instance, in a city does not mean that those who most need the examination and advice will seek it out. A certain fear of medical institutions, and a natural faith that most humans have that their own illness is not serious, make it difficult to have health examinations as general as they should be. What is often needed to convert a person to attend a clinic or call on a physician is an interested person who is skillful in understandng people, in overcoming prejudices, and in changing attitudes.

The same timidity and fear that keeps people from securing medical advice, often makes them reluctant to follow the advice after it has been given. From both a practical and ethical viewpoint the physician cannot over-persuade patients to follow his advice. It often requires a social worker, a nurse, or an interested friend to encourage the patient to place himself under treatment.

A mother of several children was sure that her youngest child, who had some obvious impairment of his legs, would "grow out of" his difficulty. It first took hours of patient and kindly urging to have the mother take the child to a physician, and many more hours of skillful persuading to secure the mother's consent to have the child wear the prescribed braces.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. What is the first function of a Board of Health?
2. What other health agencies are established in your community? (City, County, or State).
3. Which function as public protective agencies? Which care for the sick? Which aim to preserve health?
4. Why is it difficult to change a person's attitude toward his own illness and the need of treatment?

Teachers' Topic for October

Reading

"Yea, seek you out of the best books words of wisdom, seek learning even by study and also by faith."—Doc. and Cov. Sec. 88:118.

"Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life."—John 5:59.

A. Proper supervision of children's reading by parents.

B. Occasional inventory of home library for purpose of eliminating undesirable books.

C. We recommend reading of the Scriptures on home evening or Sabbath evenings in family circle.

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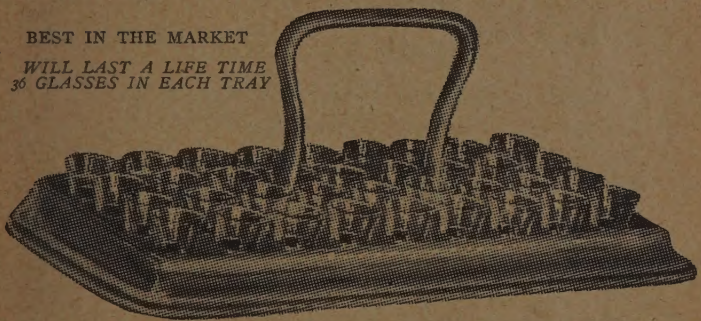

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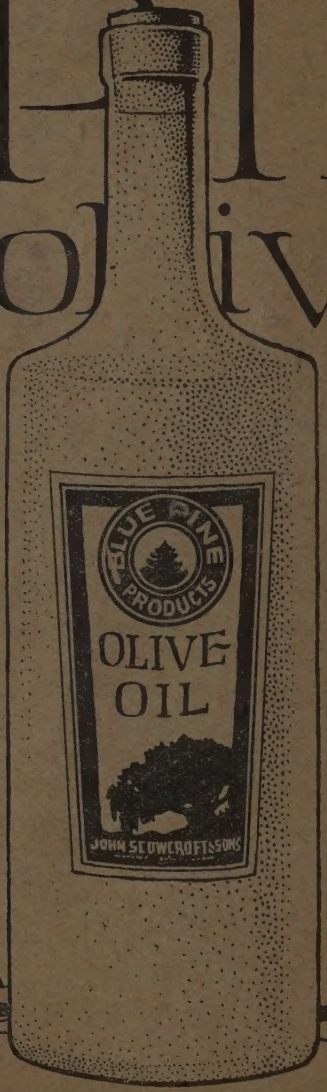

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